

Through the Inferno

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Through the Inferno

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Summary

Hannibal has to fight his way through the inferno to see his beloved Will again.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Will”, Hannibal called out in slight desperation while he stumbled on into the pitch-black darkness. He had no idea where he was but Hannibal was sure he was dead after the plunge from the cliff and was on his way to the afterlife. His body did not ache any longer but he could move and walk as if he was still human. Something crunched beneath his feet. The noise resounded particularly loud in the tense silence of the nothingness that surrounded him. He looked down. Hannibal realized he was walking on human bones and skulls, paving his way. The air, if there was any, was damp, humid and getting warmer with every step he took but he had no difficulty in breathing. Such were the advantages of being dead or a ghost. Before long he reached the end of the darkness and he recognized someone waiting in front of a gate.

“Welcome to hell”, the strange creature greeted him in a deep, ethereal voice. “May I ask you a question?” Hannibal asked the guardian angel with the black wings and the silver metal helmet hiding most of his face. “Only one question.” He replied coolly. “Do you have any knowledge of the whereabouts of my companion called Will Graham?” Hannibal inquired, trying to suppress his longing and worry for his soulmate as much as he could but did not succeed completely. His voice cracked at the end of the question as racing thoughts overwhelmed him. The guardian angel gave him a cool, scrutinising stare with his red eyes shining through the small slits in his metal helmet. “Your companion is making his way through the limbo. His soul has been deemed neither pure nor evil and unfit for heaven and hell. If you want to see him again, you have to repent for your sins.” “I would do anything to see him again.” Hannibal said. “Very well then”, the angel said and opened the gate of hell with a short motion of his hand, prompting Hannibal to enter with his large lance. “Thank you very much”, Hannibal replied. Even in death courtesy was extremely important to him.

Hannibal glimpsed into the abyss and heard the tortured voices of lost souls being trapped and exposed to eternal agony. “You have to survive your journey through the inferno. If you make it you are going to see him again Good luck!” The metal gates fell shut behind him and Hannibal had no other choice but to make his way through the circles of hell without a Virgil at his side. Yet the last images of his beloved Will burned bright inside his mind, fuelling him, making him stronger and resistant to the horrors that would await him. Aware of his sins, he knew that no mercy was granted to serial killers such as he had been. But Hannibal was no common murderer and so he faced the tortures with strong optimism inside of him.

Mental agony seized him all of a sudden when he thought nothing was going to happen and felt acutely victorious. It crushed him. Hannibal had to be strong and keep his wits together to not break under the weight of the reproachful voice of the demon imitating Will in his head and join the lost souls that went mad in the bottom of the pit. While he was walking down through the different rooms of hell, being whipped by the furry demons, Hannibal was constantly plagued by the memories of his past in which he nearly gutted and killed Will, sawed into his head over and over again. He also had to face the wolves of hell who threatened to devour and destroy his soul. This would have led to him disappearing forever and he was fiercely determined to not let this happen. Wrath set him on fire and gave him the power he needed. His eyes were of a infuriating crimson red. Hannibal slayed the beasts and monsters and finally proceeded, blood-stained and bruised, to the current Lord of Hell where the last test awaited him. He resisted the torture by the terrible almighty demon Lucifer using

all the strength that was left. When he had outsmarted the Lord of Hell in their mind game, the demon stepped grudgingly aside, astonished by his remarkable resilience and Hannibal was finally allowed to leave. The black doors of hell shut behind him and was sealed forever.

Hannibal blinked as the bright light blinded him. Too long had he been held prisoner in the obscure, bleak circles of hell. Now he found himself standing on a pristine, white shore with a swift rising sun and turquoise water to the right, stretching on endlessly. It was neither paradise nor hell but a place in between. No other soul was there. A place for them had been made, Hannibal thought to himself in satisfaction. On a small sand hill in the distance with his back turned on him, Hannibal discovered his beloved Will with the dark brown curly hair. He blinked again, marvelling at the sight of resplendent beauty when he got closer, walking over the comfortably warm white sand grain in a fast pace.

His angelic, translucent body was free from injuries and bruises and glorious grey wings had sprouted on his back. Grey symbolised his morality. He was neither good nor evil. How fitting, Hannibal mused. He glanced at his own body and discovered black wings had grown on his back as well. Hannibal let out a growl. He was a demon and Will an angel. Fascinating.

Hannibal smiled and walked into Will's direction. He called out his name again - this time in elation, not in worry and fear. Will turned around in surprise as he heard his voice and examined the new look of Hannibal with his black wings adorned with sharp talons and little black horns on his head in curiosity.

Will granted him an open genuine smile. Hannibal found his navy blue eyes even more beautiful and radiating than before. "You're here at last", he said. "Took you long enough." He wrinkled his forehead, raised one of his eyebrows in an infuriating seductive way and gave Hannibal an reproachful look. "I had to wait a long time here alone in limbo."

"I apologize", Hannibal countered with a faint smirk on his blood-stained face. His tongue jumped out to lick the crimson drops from his lips and he enjoyed it. It was the taste of his defeated infernal enemies which had transformed him into a stronger, divine being. "There were difficulties on my way I had to overcome. It was tedious work, I assure you."

"Given your past I am not surprised at all." The angel replied, let out a quizzical laugh and hovered into his direction with some bats of his fluffy feathers. Their wings were now touching, mingling, toying with each other, as if they were dogs. Their feathers intertwined. It was a celestial way of physical union. Grey mingled with black. Feathers ruffled. Soon their wings wrapped themselves tightly around their bodies, as if shielding and protecting them from divine eyes.

"I love you, Will", Hannibal admitted with tears in his dark demon eyes. "I am so happy to have finally found you." Will smiled and brushed away his black tears with his sparkling, pristine hand. He leaned forward and kissed him at last. "I love you, too and I'm glad you have made it."

Hannibal caressed his face then withdrew for a moment from his embrace to take a look at his surroundings.

"Are we still in limbo, Will?" Hannibal asked, looking around at the vastness of the wide, open, empty space.

"Yes, it seems so." Will replied, joining him when Hannibal stood with his bare feet in the shallow water. "But I imagined it to be a much worse place. I guess God counted on the loneliness to drive me mad."

Hannibal did not react at first and continued to stare into space.

"Do you want to figure out how to change that state? Will inquired with eyes narrowed in suspicion. His wings twitched in curiosity and slight annoyance when he noticed his companion was lost in thought.

A mischievous grin flicked over Hannibal's face. "I'm inclined. Though I wouldn't do anything that could possibly separate us again. I'd rather stay trapped in limbo with you here for all ages." Hannibal replied in a calm, raspy voice, causing Will to blush. "I don't want to fight the three-headed dog in the pit a second time, to be honest with you. But if I must, shall it be decided that you have to go to hell I would do so."

When Will cocked his head in interest at hearing the word dog, Hannibal quickly added: "Will, I know you always had a weak spot for dogs but believe me - even you couldn't have tamed it."

The angel let out a dismissive snort at that remark. "It would have been quite a nice distraction to try it at least."

"Trust me when I say that there could have been lots of better distractions." Hannibal retorted.

To show him what he meant, he transferred his perception of the fight down in Lucifer's realm via telepathy.

"Ok, I get it", Will stated with a frown on his face and blocked the flow of pictures showing Hannibal desperately trying to defeat the monster fast enough to prevent the heads from recovering. "I'm really impressed, Doctor", he admitted, not without a snippy tone in his voice. "You really are the Devil."

"I guess I am." Hannibal answered with a smirk and sprawled his glorious, formidable wings as Will's compliment boosted his narcissistic ego.

"But I would very much love to go for a little walk now to recuperate from the exertion and focus on something else." Hannibal suggested, glancing at Will, his dark wings moving and twitching in anticipation and impatience. "We have lots to discuss. Shall we?" He asked Will with a fond, soft expression on his face, offering his hand.

"After you", Will purred and his grey wings gave Hannibal a little nudge in his back to push him forward.

They took a long stroll along the beautiful beach, holding hands. Even though God and Lucifer had done everything to prevent it, they were finally conjoint once more, having defeated the forces of Heaven and Hell.

End Notes

I took some creative liberties concerning the concept of Limbo as it is all fictional anyway and hope you don't mind.

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